

DOVER BATTERIES REPEL GERMAN SUBMARINE ATTACK

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

No. 3,502.

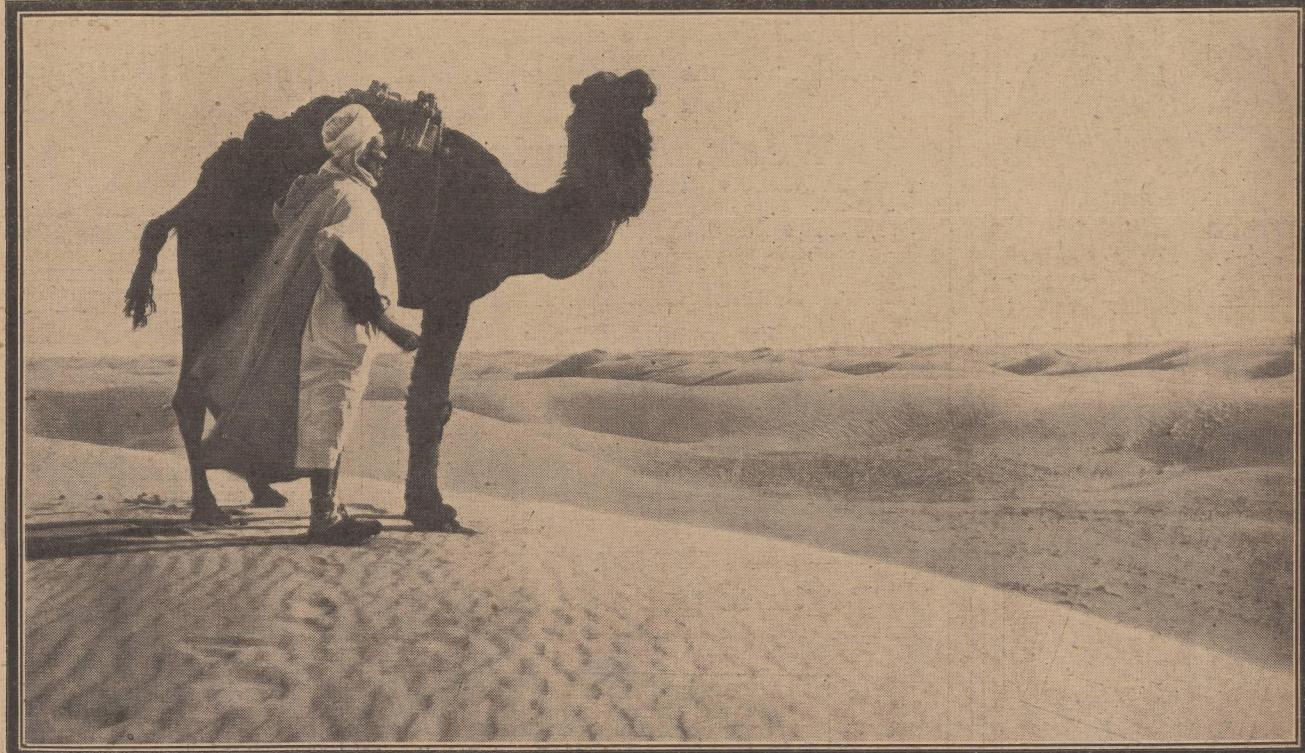
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THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1915.

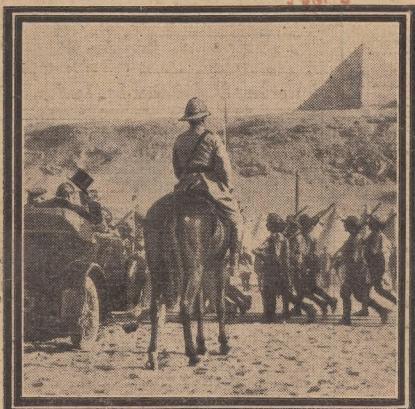
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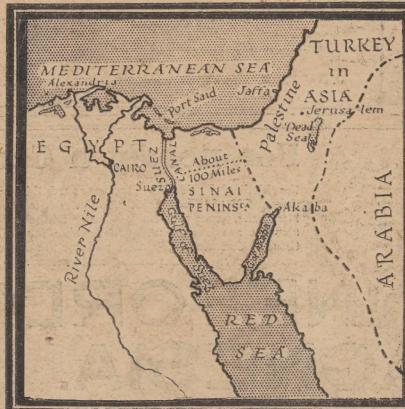
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**TURKISH ARMIES TO PERISH IN THE DESERT BY ORDER OF
BERLIN: MARCH ON EGYPT DOOMED TO FAILURE.** S.P. 314



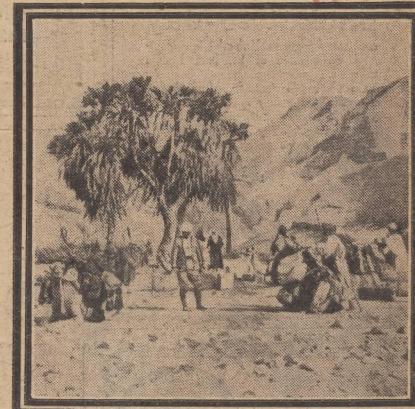
Gazing across the desert, which is a pitiless ocean of sand stretching away as far as the eye can see. Wells are few and far between.



Sir George Reid reviews Australian troops. One of the pyramids is in the background.



Map showing Egypt and Palestine. The dotted line shows the route across the desert.



A well, a great rarity in the desert. The wells would be useless for supplying an army.

Nature has imposed a tremendous barrier between Palestine and Egypt in the form of a great desert, and if the Turks attempt to invade our new protectorate they will have to move their troops across this hot, suffocating wilderness. If the invading army fail to cross the Suez Canal in twenty-four hours—and it will fail—it will be driven back into

the wastes, and its fate will be terrible to contemplate, as there will be no water, except behind the British forces or ten days' march across the desert. That the Turks will be driven by Germany to make the attempt is regarded as certain, the idea being to distract the attention of Great Britain from Flanders.

FIGHT AGAINST FLOODS: RIVER BURSTS ITS BANKS IN NORFOLK.

The breach in the river bank where the lighters have been sunk. The floods have driven nearly sixty families from their cottages. 944PBuilding a wall with bags of gault. 944PThe floods cover an area of nine miles by seven. 944C

Damage estimated at £200,000 has been caused by the floods in the fenlands of South West Norfolk which followed the bursting of the banks of the Little Ouse at Hockwold. The swollen river has been rushing through a breach fifty yards wide since

last Sunday week, despite all efforts to stay it. A number of lighters filled with clay have been sunk at the spot, and behind this a wall composed of bags of gault is being slowly raised.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

SURPRISE FOR THE BELGIANS. 945C

Arriving at a certain village, the Belgian soldiers found a steaming cauldron of soup awaiting them. It was distributed by the donor, a wealthy Belgian lady.

ENVY CAPTURED. P. 679 B

Noury Bey, who has been captured by the Cossacks. He was sent to the theatre of war by the Sultan to inquire into the causes of the Turkish defeat at Sarykamish. He was the Chief of Staff of the Third Ottoman Corps and is of Hungarian origin.

FLOWERS MADE OF FEATHERS. 9453 B

Roses from the goose's back. The girl makes the flowers with the feathers, and specimens of her handiwork are seen in the picture. It is a new industry.

CHILDREN'S HEROES OF WAR OF WARS.

Little Girl Admirer of Admiral Jellicoe Spells Name 'Jerioke.'

"K. OF K." FIRST.

Who are the children's heroes of the war? King Albert, Lord Kitchener, Admiral Jellicoe and Commander Holbrook, V.C., of the B.I.L., are the most popular characters with girls and boys, and Lord Kitchener is easily first.

Some boys and girls attending a London County Council school were asked by *The Daily Mirror* yesterday who was their hero of the war and why they liked him. They wrote down some interesting replies, given below.

"JERIOKE IS DOING HIS BEST."

Some of the girls' opinions on heroes of the war were as follow:

The hero I like best of the war is Lord Kitchener. I like him because he is strong and leading and has done such work for us. If he was not for us I don't know where we should be, dare say the Germans would be over here. Lord Kitchener is the head one over the soldiers and takes a great deal of trouble over them.—Violet Murston, aged twelve.

Annie Scouler, thirteen, wrote:

My hero is Commander Holbrook, captain of the submarine B.I.I., who has done one of the bravest deeds of the war. I expect he has been recommended for the V.C., which he very well deserves.

Lilie Ruth Rogers, aged nine, simply worships Admiral Jellicoe, and she gets a little mixed in the spelling of his name.

The hero I like best is Jerioke, because he commands our Fleet and tells them what to do. I think if we had more men we would do much better. Jerioke is doing his best, and I hope he will get on with his hard work.

Annie Rogers, aged eleven, says:

I like Lord Kitchener best because he is so good trying to get all the men to fight for our country and save our mothers from losing their homes.

I shall be glad when the war is over, as everything is in an uproar.

Eleven-year-old Nancy Thurlow says: "My hero is Lord Kitchener, for through his clever management I am sure we shall win, and then I shall be glad, because the prices of food will go down."

"KING ALBERT MY HERO."

Some of the boys' opinions are given below:

"King Albert is Belgium is my hero. I think he is one of the greatest men the world has ever known. He is daily sacrificing his life to visit his brave soldiers in the trenches. This man has had the whole of his country ruined because he kept his wife at home, and when he returned he had to cross his country into France, saving one country at the cost of his own.—James Woollen, aged twelve.

I think Admiral Jellicoe is one of the bravest men. He commands our Navy well, which is guarding us from the Germans. The people say if he still keeps our navy in order as he is now he must be as great and brave as Lord Nelson was.

—R. Scott, aged twelve.

I think Lord Kitchener is our bravest hero, because he has governed our men so good. Lord Kitchener is a good man. He has a plan of attacking the Germans. He is sending more men out to the front.—Willie Jones, aged eleven.

As a patriotic young Britisher, Ronald Blackwell, who has reached the age of ten, also votes for Lord Kitchener. He arranges things very well, he writes, "and we are sure he will be rewarded with victory."

LORD FEVERSHAM DEAD.

The Earl of Feversham died at Duncombe Park, his Yorkshire seat, yesterday, in his eighty-sixth year.

A keen politician, a noted agriculturist, a big landowner (he owned 39,000 acres), a zealous Churchman, and a warm supporter of the Reserve Forces, to which he for many years belonged, Lord Feversham was for long a prominent figure in his life.

Three years and a half ago Lord and Lady Feversham celebrated their diamond wedding.

Lord Feversham's splendid seat in the North Riding (one of Vanbrugh's masterpieces) was burned almost to the ground in 1879, but rebuilt in facsimile.

Lord Feversham is succeeded by his grandson, Vernon Helmingham, who since 1906 has been Unionist M.P. for the Thirsk and Malton Division of Yorkshire.

The new earl is married to Lady Marjorie Greville, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Warwick.

EXPLORER'S VANISHED CASES.

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 12.—The famous Swedish explorer, M. Eo land Norden skjold, has just returned to Christiania from his two years' expedition in unexplored American territories on the border between Bolivia and Brazil.

Among other interesting discoveries he has found a new Indian tribe of cannibals.

At a time when the explorer knew nothing about the war, M. Norden skjold sent to Europe a number of large boxes with valuable collections. Cases also arrived in Hamburg, but these seem to have entirely disappeared.—Central News.

A proposal in favour of women's suffrage has, says a Washington telegram, been defeated in the House of Representatives by 204 votes to 174.

SPRING'S GLOW IN HATS.

Women's Millinery Beautiful with the Gay Colours of Awakening Nature.

ROSE PINKS AND SCARLETS.

The "cheery" hat has made its appearance once more, and has already become popular with women.

The all-black hat is now decked with gay flowers, even though the hat itself may be of the same funny little tight-fitting shape as formerly.

Many brightly-coloured little hats are now being shown in the west of London. Some are of scarlet velvet—and a scarlet hat always suits a pretty, bright-haired woman, just as it suits a healthy child.

Yellow, pink and purple hats are also shown in quantities.

One shop has a selection of pansy purple hats, another little rustic brown spring hats in straw with bright blue ribbons or pink azaleas and rosebuds.

As yesterday was a "cheery" day—dry, crisp and sunshiny—women who crowded the shopping-centres were all wearing cheerful-looking hats.

White satin hats trimmed with white tuberoses and white velvet pansies are also a vogue in direct contrast to the sombre black.

These are only really suitable for women with perfect complexions.

"EVERYONE IN A FURY."

Story in Libel Suit of Error That Made Family's Life a Burden.

What happened to an East Molesey resident in consequence of an error in a newspaper report was disclosed in a libel suit which was heard in Mr. Justice Darling's court yesterday.

Mr. Stephen John Spurling, of the Old Parsonage, East Molesey, sued Messrs. Knapp, Dreditt and Sons, proprietors of the *Surrey Comet*, in connection with the report of some proceedings in the Bankruptcy Court against the late Dennis Sprung, a younger brother of the plaintiff. Mr. Dennis Spurling was described in the report as "of the Old Parsonage, East Molesey."

Defendants denied that the report referred to the plaintiff.

Mr. Ralph Banks, K.C., for the plaintiff, said

Mr. S. J. Spurling had been a member of the Stock Exchange for twenty-five years, and when

64 YEARS AN ACTRESS



Mrs. John Wood, the well-known actress, who has died at the age of eighty-three. She was on the stage for sixty-four years, and retired ten years ago.—(Ellis and Walery.)

the report was published with reference to his brother people living in the district thought he (plaintiff) had gone bankrupt.

The report was headed: "East Molesey financier's heavy losses."

It is almost impossible (said counsel) for me to describe in a few words what happened when this report was published.

Mr. Stephen Spurling got to the station that morning the station-master thought he had gone bankrupt, and the bookstall man wondered what was the matter.

The grocer called him up, and the landlord and landlady the landlord called up about his rent, the vicar was immediately on the move, the hair-cutter called round to know what had happened, and absolute terror took hold of East Molesey.

The family had means of condole and sympathy. Some people would not speak to him, others spoke sympathetically, and the Spurlings' life became a perfect burden.

In the box plaintiff said that on the morning the report was published he found his wife married in hysterics.

The jury awarded plaintiff £50 damages, but judgment was not entered, the Judge having risen for the day.

ALARMING RAILWAY SMASH.

An alarming railway accident occurred yesterday morning at Layden Station, near Newcasle-on-Tyne.

A goods train from Carlisle left the rails, and eight wagons were piled one on top of the other twenty feet high.

Some of the trucks were laden with machinery and others with barrels of beer, and all were scattered about the line.

The permanent way was much damaged.

GUILTY OF MURDER AT 15.

Judge Tells Boy He Would Have Been Hanged If Older.

KILLED HIS STEP-BROTHER.

Only fifteen years of age, yet guilty of murder! That was the position of an office boy named Sidney Clements, who stood in the dock at the Old Bailey yesterday, convicted by the jury's verdict of the murder of his little stepbrother, aged seven.

"This extraordinary boy seems to have had the question of murder by youths under sixteen in his mind," said Mr. Muir, "because in October last, while walking with a friend, they were talking about a boy aged seventeen who, it was said, had been hanged for murder."

Accused asked: "If a boy of fourteen or fifteen was to kill anyone would he be hung?" The friend replied: "No, he would be sent to a reformatory." "I should think if a boy of fifteen was to kill anyone he would be hung."

The boy, counsel continued, had a grievance against his stepmother because she took the whole of his earnings of about 8s. a week for the use of the family, only allowing him occasionally a small sum for pocket-money.

On the evening of November 16 the mother went out, leaving prisoner and deceased in the house, and on returning she found the latter had been stabbed with a carving knife.

The boy, who was a postman, was accompanied by a woman who had been staying with him, and he had been staying with a friend.

"I went to Southend to try and join the Navy. They told me to go to Leigh-on-Sea, so that they would give me food and shelter. I hope you will not tell what I have done, because I want to get into the Navy, and if they find out I won't be able to get in the Navy, but in the cells."

Addressing prisoner, Mr. Justice Rowlatt said:

"Clemens, you have been found guilty of a wicked, cruel, cowardly act towards the poor little child. If you had been a little older you would have been well and deservedly hanged, and if you ever do the like again after you come out of the place of reformation to which you will be sent, hanged you will be."

The Judge ordered the boy to be detained during his Majesty's pleasure.

ODD MR. SPRAGG.

Story of Shopman Who Gave Customers "the Reverse of What They Wanted."

Further evidence of the strangeness of Mr. Augustus Spragg, a Stratford tradesman, who at one time wore two hats and amazed customers by his eccentricities, was given before Mr. Justice Barnes yesterday.

Mr. Spragg sued his brother, Mr. W. H. Spragg, and Mrs. Rebecca (Watts) for a libel and a libel action. On October 17, 1911, purporting to convey to the defendants premises in Wilton-road, Ilford, were void and of no effect, on the ground that at the time of their execution he was of unsound mind.

Plaintiff was an inmate of an asylum for some time, but was discharged as cured in 1913.

Mrs. Maria West, sister of the plaintiff, said that she noticed the strangeness in her brother's manner. Two years before he went into the asylum he was at dinner at the house of one of his brothers, and he would talk nothing but military talk.

In June, 1911, the plaintiff seemed strange and scared. One day he brushed his arm with a clothes brush, and then proceeded to brush the grate with it while the fire was still alight.

Mrs. West added that the plaintiff would often throw a match lighted matches—half a boxful at a time—and he would also put them into his mouth.

In the shop he would give the customers the "reverse of what they wanted," and when they complained he would tell them to clear out.

After the luncheon adjournment it was announced that the case before the court of session was that the plaintiff should have the declaration asked for, and that the earlier title deed of the property should be returned to the plaintiff.

On behalf of the two defendants it was stated that they were in a position to call evidence to the effect that plaintiff had sufficient capacity at the time to execute the conveyances.

LOVER CAUGHT IN A FLAT.

A divorce decree was yesterday granted to Mr. Hugh Fitzroy Marryatt, a retired Army officer, on the ground of his wife's misconduct with Mr. Augustus G. Cross, a auctioneer and estate agent, of Gerrard's Cross.

Petitioner said he first knew the co-respondent by employing him as agent in 1913.

Then when witness moved from Beaconsfield to London his wife refused to go with him. When he visited her at Beaconsfield she would only speak to him in monosyllables.

There was subsequently an interview outside the court, during which she said she had taken a flat in Maida Vale, where she was living with Mr. Gibbons.

Witness went to the flat and burst his way in. To the co-respondent he said: "You—scoundrel, you are living with my wife." He would not answer, added witness. "I had a stick in my hand, and I said, 'By God, I'll make you answer.' And he then said, 'Yes, I believe I am.'"

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And he then said, "Yes, I believe I am."

EIGHT WHO LIVE ON 15s. A WEEK.

Food Bill in Remarkable Family Budget Comes to 5s. 9d.

"FEAST" ON SUNDAY.

That they cater for a family of eight, including themselves, on a total income of 15s. a week is the achievement claimed by Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Moss, of Islington.

And Mrs. Moss cheerfully said to *The Daily Mirror*: "All of us are as well as can be expected."

Mr. and Mrs. Moss regard the household budget of 4s. and 3s. published in *The Daily Mirror* a few days ago as those of "wealthy" families.

Their six children are all under thirteen years of age, and Mr. Moss works at an unformalized detective in hearing, is a cellerman at a public-house earning only 15s. a week. They live in two rooms in a poor neighbourhood.

It is clear that their domestic life on so slender an income must be a struggle against great odds.

QUESTION OF APPETITE.

"We have been living on this small wage of my husband's for the past six years,

but it is the same food that we have a particularly healthy appetite—we eat but moderately—but all of us thoroughly enjoy our meals."

The family has something of a "feast" on Sundays, and the residue of the Sunday's meal is usually made to serve for the meals on the first day or two of the succeeding week.

This is how Mrs. Moss feeds the family each day of the week:—

SUNDAY—Flank of beef 1s. 9d., potatoes 2d., greens of asparagus 1d., bread 6d., jam 1d., tea and sugar 6d., milk 1d., rice for day 1s. 9d.

MONDAY—Breakfast: Bread and dripping and tea with milk (without milk when none left over). Dinner: Remained of the flank of beef and a little of the vegetables and bread. Tea: Bread and dripping.

TUESDAY—Breakfast: Tea, bread and dripping. Dinner: Potatoes 1d., rice 1d., pot-herbs (carrot, onions and turnip) 1d., all boiled into stew. Tea: Bread and dripping, tea; total cost for day 1d.

WEDNESDAY—Breakfast: Tea, bread and jam 1d. Dinner: Two-pennyworth of rice from butchers, tea; total cost for day 1d.

THURSDAY—Breakfast: Bread, treacle 1d., tea, dinner: Two-pennyworth of bones from butchers, tea; total cost for day 1d.

FRIDAY—Breakfast: Rice 1d., boiled with sugar, cup of tea. Dinner: Two-pennyworth of fish cuttings, things from the fishmonger, boiled with potatoes 1d., rice 1d., together with any remains of herbs in the house—the whole into a stew. Tea: Bread and dripping or jam 1d.; tea; total cost for day 5d.

SATURDAY—With prospect of good Sunday meal we have two meals today. For Breakfast: Bread and jam 1d., tea; dinner together late in the afternoon: Five or six kippers 2d., bread and jam 1d., tea; total cost for day 3d.

The total of food expenditure in the above programme of meals is 4s. 7d.

MAKING THE TEA LAST.

"It should be explained," says Mrs. Moss, "that, in addition to the outlay for bread, sugar and milk for Sunday quoted above, I also spend 4d. on 1lb. of sugar, 4d. on bread, 2d. on milk and 3d. on dripping during the course of the week. We make Sunday's 1lb. tea last through the week."

This represents a total food expenditure for the week of 5s. 9d., and shows that, after allowing 3s. 3d. for the cost of Sunday's "feast," the family actually live on the trifles of 2s. 6d. for the rest of the week.

This is how the whole of the 15s. earned by Mr. Moss is spent each week:—

	s. d.		s. d.
Food	5	9	5
Rent	1	9	1
Machine	1	6	1
Levwt. of coal	0	4	0
Gas for light	0	2	0
Bread and jam	1	6	1
soda 1d.	0	2	0
Insurance	0	6	0
Laundry, bootblack	0	3	0
ing, bootlaces	0	0	0
		Total	15 0

Mrs. Moss further explains the comparatively big item for the machine by the fact that the machine is a necessity, as she is always re-making or mending some of her children's or her own and her husband's clothes.

Enormous quantities of trees from the woods round Namur, Brabant and Hainault have been transported to the mines.

The workmen earn 2s. daily. Armed German guards are placed in the mines.

Enormous quantities of trees from the woods round Namur, Brabant and Hainault have been transported to the mines.

SWEDISH STEAMER SEIZED.

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 13.—A telegram from Stockholm announces that a German destroyer yesterday captured in the Baltic the Swedish steamer Vega, coming from Rotterdam and bound for Stockholm with a cargo of manganese.

The steamer has been taken to Swinemunde.—Exchange Special.

ATTACK ON EGYPT BY GERMAN-LED FORCE IS NOW IMMINENT

British Army Ready and Waiting to Meet Invading Turkish Host.

"A BLOW THAT IS DOOMED TO FAILURE."

Resignation of Count Berchtold, the Minister Whose Policy Brought War.

ARMY AND NAVY COUNCIL AT DOWNING-STREET.

Britain's enormous responsibilities in this war are strongly emphasised by important news received yesterday.

This news came not from Flanders, Africa, or India. It came from Egypt.

In an official communiqué issued at Cairo it is stated that the British military authorities in Egypt "consider that an attack from Syria cannot long be deferred."

The German object is not to win victories for Turkey, but to distract the attention of Great Britain from Flanders.

Egypt is ready, and a very warm reception awaits the Turkish host.

Indian troops are entrenched along the bank of the Suez Canal, and British Territorials are also waiting impatiently for the first sight of the enemy.

Members of the Committee of Imperial Defence sat yesterday for over four hours at Downing-street.

The proceedings may almost be described as a War Council, for Lord Kitchener, Lord Fisher, Admirals Sir Arthur Wilson, Sir J. Wolfe-Murray, and other military and naval officers, were present.

In addition there were Mr. Asquith, Lord Halifax, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Balfour.

It is officially announced in Vienna that Count Berchtold, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, whose policy is generally regarded as the cause of the war, has resigned. He is succeeded by Baron Stephen Burian.

A BIG FORCE MARCHING AGAINST EGYPT.

German Attempt to Distract Britain's Attention from Flanders.

CAIRO, Jan. 13.—An official communiqué states that the British military authorities consider that an attack from Syria cannot long be deferred.

The forces the Germans are bringing against Egypt are large, and if they get within striking distance will make a determined effort to break through.

The Germans are undeterred by the misfortunes of the Turks in the Caucasus.

Their object is not to win victories for Turkey, but to distract the attention of Great Britain from Flanders.

It is only with this object that they embarked in the direction of Egypt on what from a military standpoint is doomed to failure.

They must strike, and probably within a few weeks will drive forward the Syrian Army.—Central News.

So the long-expected, much-discussed, but long-delayed attack upon Egypt now seems imminent.

The British forces are considered to be more than adequate for the task required from them.

The Indians are there in strength, and are even now reported to be holding the trenches along the bank of the Suez Canal.

But the great desert between Palestine and Egypt is, perhaps, the most impregnable object to the German-Turkish ambitions.

Only railways can conquer the desert, and Turkey has neither time nor materials to build such lines of communication.

GERMANS MAKE TERRIFIC EFFORT ON THE AISNE.

Great Batt'e Raging Around Spur North-East of Soissons—Some Ground Yielded.

PARIS, Jan. 13.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

The bad weather, persisting on almost all the front, is hindering the operations.

In Belgium there was a sandstorm on the dunes by the seashore.

In the regions of Nieuport and Ypres our artillery fired with effect upon the enemy's works.

On the Aisne to the north-east of Soissons the fight around the Spur 132 was very fierce. Throughout the day the Germans employed at this point very important forces.

We maintained our positions on the crest of the slopes to the west of the spur, but towards the east of the spur we were compelled to give some ground. The struggle is being continued.

Between Soissons and Berry-au-Bac the fire of our artillery caused at several points explosions in the midst of the enemy's batteries.

In the Champagne, from Reims to the Argonne, there were very violent artillery engagements.

In the region of Souain the salient of the fortifications to the north of the farm of Beausejour remains in our hands, and we have established there a trench about sixty yards from the German trench.

In the Vosges there have been fog and a heavy snowfall.—Central News.

ENEMY'S VIOLENT ATTACK.

PARIS, Jan. 13.—To-night's official communiqué says:—

To the north-east of Soissons our counter-attack has made slight progress between Cuffies and Crouy, but we were not able to debouch from Crouy.

Violently attacked to the east of this locality, our troops fell back slightly near the village of Moncel, which they occupy. They held St. Marguerite and Missy on the Aisne.

There is no other notable fact to record.—Reuter.

VON KLUCK'S PLEA.

PARIS, Jan. 13.—The announcement in last night's communiqué of an important German attack on the east of Soissons was not confirmed to-day by news which shows that the German movement is of considerable magnitude.

The attack is being pressed with a vehemence out of proportion, so far as one can see, to any direct advantages likely to accrue.

It is a response to the notable successes achieved by our troops in this quarter.

Von Kluck again comes to the front, and it seems that when last week he found himself menaced by the French, he turned to the Germans, who readily supplied him with troops reinforcements. These were dispatched to him by way of Laon.

The French positions menaced Anizy-le-Château, a railway junction, and Von Kluck's counter-attack was doubtless an imperative necessity.—Central News.

DOVER BATTERIES DRIVE OFF SUBMARINES.

Two Hostile Craft That Were Sighted in the Night—Airships in Channel?

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Dover, Jan. 13.—Heavy firing about midnight caused a good deal of animation on Dover sea front and in the neighbourhood.

The first report of the heavy guns of the eastern fort was quickly followed by people hurrying towards the sea front, while lights appeared in windows all along in the vicinity, while long lines of men, the relatives of the naval and military men are residing.

In the darkness of the night nothing could be seen seawards except the flashing of the search lights and the torpedo destroyers belching out volumes of smoke as they got under way to leave the harbour.

A report subsequently obtained shows that the look-out on the breakwater reported having sighted a hostile submarine, and the firing immediately followed.

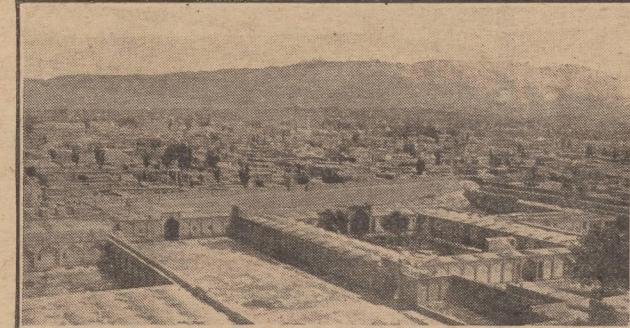
The submarine disappeared.

Earlier the same night the battery on the eastern pier was in action on a report of a submarine having been seen in proximity to the harbour.

A report that two enemy submarines were sunk is authoritatively denied.

From various points of the coast last night rumours came to Dover of the presence of airships in the Channel.

8409



Copying their masters the Turks have violated neutral territory, and have occupied Tabriz, the most important town in North-West Persia. The picture gives a general view of the ancient city.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

RUSSIANS' BIG SUCCESS ON GERMAN SOIL.

East Prussian Villages Taken—Germans Driven from Fortified Spot.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 13.—The following communiqué from the Russian Great Headquarters is issued to-day:—

Our detachment which was advancing in Eastern Prussia in the district to the east of Rosog, after driving back the enemy's cavalry, which was supported by infantry, occupied, after a fight, several villages.

One of these was strongly fortified, and was charge by us.

South-east of Mlava we progressed in the direction of Radzanow.

On the front Kozlow-Biskupe-Zahrzew-Sucha the Germans, after opening with a very heavy artillery fire, began an offensive movement against the southern sector of this front, but they were easily repulsed by our fire.

In the region south of the farm of Mogely we delivered a series of attacks, which were all easily repulsed by our fire.

Some of these attacks were, however, repulsed by our units with counter-attacks.—Reuter.

HUGE CAPTURES FROM TURKS.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 13.—The communiqué issued to-day by the Russian General Staff in the Caucasus says:—

In the region of Oly, after fierce fighting we defeated and routed the Turkish rear-guard. Beyond Oly we have captured artillery units and made numerous prisoners.

In the region of Kara Urgan the Turks suffered a defeat on January 12 in killed and prisoners, among them being an entire battalion of the 53rd Regiment.

In the same region we captured some mountain guns, a quantity of arms and parks of artillery, droves of cattle, convoys of stores and a field hospital with 600 wounded.—Reuter.

TURKS TAKE TABRIZ.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 13.—A Turkish advance guard has occupied Tabriz.—Reuter.

Reuter's Agency learns that no information has been received from the Persian Government of the Turkish occupation of Tabriz.

Tabriz is the most important city in North-West Persia.

It is the capital of the province of Azarbaijan and is situated thirty-five miles east of Lake Urumi. Tabriz is a great commercial centre, important from its situation on the route from Trebizond to Teheran.

It is the seat of British, Russian and Turkish Consul-Generals.

TABRIZ.

Tabriz is the most important city in North-West Persia.

It is the capital of the province of Azarbaijan and is situated thirty-five miles east of Lake Urumi. Tabriz is a great commercial centre, important from its situation on the route from Trebizond to Teheran.

It is the seat of British, Russian and Turkish Consul-Generals.

TABRIZ.

Count Berchtold, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who some time ago asked his Majesty to be relieved of his duties, has now renewed his request.

Emperor, recognising the important personal reasons influencing the Foreign Minister in his application, has now granted his request.

Count Berchtold will be succeeded by the Hungarian Minister, Baron Stephen Burian.—Reuter.

Count Berchtold, who has been described as "a well-dressed Böckirk," has been the Austrian Foreign Minister since 1911.

He is well-known in London, where he spent four years at the Embassy. He became Ambassador to Russia in 1906.

Count Count Achenthal died in 1911, on his death-bed, begged the Emperor to appoint Count Berchtold as his successor.

Count Berchtold's wife is a daughter of Count Karolyi, who was formerly Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London.

8409

"HEROES' DAY" AT THE KING'S HOME.

Nine "V.C." Recipients and Other Brave Men Attend Buckingham Palace.

CHEERS FOR SAILORS.

It was "Heroes' Day" at Buckingham Palace yesterday, for the King, at an Investiture, decorated many brave men who by their gallantry had won distinction in the war and in civil life.

"I hope you will live long to do similar noble deeds," said the King to Corporal Holmes, who, with eight others, had the V.C. pinned on his breast.

War heroes included a number of officers who received the D.S.O. and sailors who had distinguished themselves in the fight off the Bight of Heligoland. The latter were cordially cheered as they passed.

Four Board of Trade medals for gallantry in saving life at sea were presented, and three miners received King Edward's medal of the second class.

Many of the recipients of the New Year's Honours attended and had conferred upon them their insignia of office.

NINE BRAVE MEN.

The nine men who received the V.C. from the King were:—

Major Douglas Reynolds, Royal Field Artillery.

Captain John Dimmer, King's Royal Rifle Corps.

Second Lieutenant George Dorell, Royal Horse Artillery.

Second Lieutenant David Nelson, Royal Horse Artillery.

Second Lieutenant James Leach, Manchester Regiment.

Lance-Corporal Charles Jarvis, Royal Engineers.

Drummer Spencer Bent, East Lancashire Regt.

Corporal William Bent, Welsh Regt.

Corporal Frederick Holmes, King's Own (Yorkshire) Light Infantry.

Of the little group of V.C. heroes only one left the Palace on foot. This was Drummer S. J. Bent, a sturdy lad, who was warmly congratulated by several relatives who awaited him outside the gates.

V.C.'S THANK YOU.

Corporal Holmes on leaving the Palace stated that he saluted as he approached, and the King, after pinning the V.C. on his tunic, shook hands with him and, in a kindly voice, said:—

"Thank you very much for your gallant conduct. I hope when this V.C. is awarded to you, I hope you will soon recover from your wounds, and live long to do similar noble needs."

"I saluted and replied, "Thank you, your Majesty," added her.

Holmes subsequently went back to the Millbank Hospital, but he hopes to return to his home at Bermondsey on Saturday next.

He was received with a public welcome, and the procession will be an imposing one.

At the town hall he will be presented by the mayor with an illuminated address and will be handed a purse of gold subscribed by his admirers in the borough.

HAPPY WIFE AND BABY.

One of the happiest, and also one of the newest, of little mothers is Mrs. F. W. Holmes, the wife of Corporal F. W. Holmes, V.C.

It would be difficult for her to say of which she is prouder—the new son (two days old) or the hero husband.

"I am so delighted with my husband," she said yesterday to *The Daily Mirror*, "and I am so glad our boy has come just when his father is home."

"What shall I call baby?" said Mrs. Holmes, speaking with her Italy brogue. "I must wait and ask my husband. It will have to be something out of the way under such circumstances—something to remind him of that war."

Mrs. Holmes, senior, the mother of the hero, said she was more than thankful for her son's safety than for anything else.

THE KING'S HONOUR FOR GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.

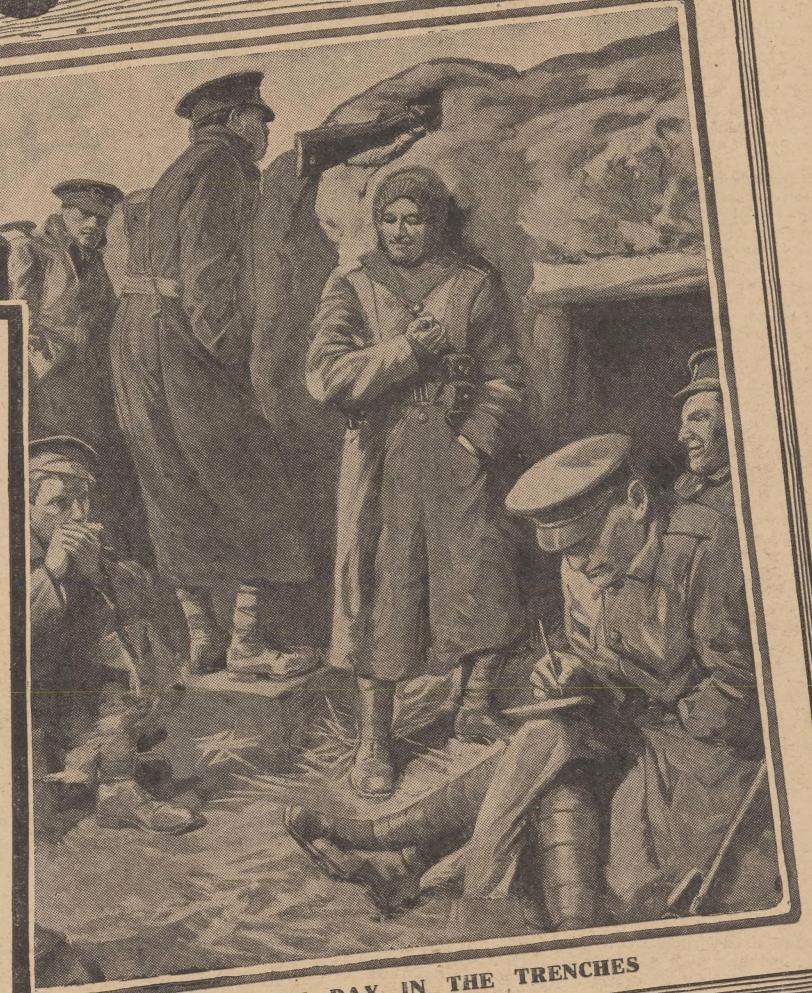
Order of the Bath for Russian Army Chief—

Tsar's Generals To Be G.C.M.Gs.

The King has approved the appointment of the Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Armies, to be an Honorary Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Russian New Year.

His Majesty has further given directions for the appointment of the following officers of the Russian Army to be Honorary Knights Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George: General Yermolov, chief of the General Staff; General Daniloff, Director of Military Operations; General Russki, commanding the Northern Armies; and General Ivanoff, commanding the Southern Armies.

A HUNDRED PICTURES EVERY WEEK



SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Contributes an important article on "HOW THE BOER WAR PREPARED US FOR THE GREAT WAR."

F. A. MCKENZIE,

The famous "Daily Mail" War Correspondent, writes of "THE WAR BY LAND."

Commr. CARLYON BELLAIRS, R.N.,

the eminent Naval authority, writes of "THE WAR BY SEA."

C. G. GREY,

Editor of "The Aeroplane," the most popular writer on aviation, writes of "THE WAR IN THE AIR."

And every week these three famous experts will continue to trace the progress of the great struggle in their respective elements.

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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1915.

THE HUNDRED YEARS CURE.

THOSE WHO MAKE IT a practice to bear other people's troubles with fortitude always say that if you want to "rise superior" to any grief your best plan is to think what it will look like a hundred years hence.

We have not found this cure of much efficacy in such a purely personal matter as a bad toothache, for example.

What is the good of wondering what a toothache will look like a hundred years hence? The chronological fact is that neither the tooth nor the ache will look or be anything in that time; while for the moment both are exceedingly vital. In such matters the present is too aggressive to be played imaginative tricks with, though perhaps accomplished fakirs and others have in warmer climates attempted such superiority with success.

As to mental aches, however, the hundred years hence cure may occasionally provide a rather dreary consolation . . . But even then, is it much good? The future bores excessively. One can see the great world-war of A.D. 2015, going on with all the latest methods of international destruction—airships perfected and other plagues in full working order, and everybody explaining "why we went to war" with the Chinese, or the Martians, or some race with swelled heads. Do not let us waste time over A.D. 2015. Let it come. We can't stop it. But do not let us bother about it and its wars. The hundred years hence cure is a mistake.

What our stoical friends ought to say is a hundred years ago.

That is considerably better. Not that they weren't fighting hard then, in the year when Bonaparte was preparing his last struggle. They were doing all the old things in just the familiar way. The sense of superiority comes however from the intense *stillness* and the soothing dust over their efforts. They rise up tragically again at some poet's bidding no doubt, but materially what a fragment hangs still in tatters of it all!—tatters like those of the "glorious" flags that drip from extended poles in some such place of dust as the Invalides in Paris. There, or at the Cluny or Carnavalet museums, a hundred years ago lingers in bits of things. You may meditate upon a boot, question the speed of a lumbering berline; or laugh at the small destructive power of some metallized musket with its obsolete loading system. And there are the prints and autograph letters. In fact it is a museum.

And one's reflection in a museum often is: "Why were they so keen to tear life to pieces?"

Is it so small a thing

To have enjoyed the sun?

—couldn't they have enjoyed it more—those that didn't spend the winter in London?" No. They all fought for shadows—some of them heroically—as we too must, in our turn. The sun went unenjoyed.

And after the French or English, the Greeks and Romans and Egyptians—

Then 'twas the Roman, now 'tis L.

So thinks the soldier who has time for a little thought, on sick leave, or wounded.

We find this thought inexplicably—perhaps unreasonably—more comforting than the other one about who 'will be to-morrow. Somebody a day or two ago gave a lecture on the Egyptians. One cried: "How absurd! Who wants to hear about the Egyptians now?" The answer ought to be: "Those who want a momentary mental rest cure from the war—plunge into the infinite stillness of the past." W. M.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

CANADA'S ANSWER.

CANADA'S answer has sounded the death-knell to German hopes. It is amusing to recall that at the beginning of the war Germany actually believed that our Colonies would break away from us and leave us helpless and alone. Events have certainly proved the falsity of German beliefs.

PATRIOT.

THE PARISIAN ACCENT.

I REALLY must object to the writer who, under the name of "Mirra," makes the assertion that she was believed to be a "Parisienne" after learning French at a commercial college and night school and who had never lived in France or mixed with Parisians.

Such a thing is impossible. A useful knowledge of French for commercial purposes—to be read or written—might be obtained, but there

because now the English waiter is "hedged out from most of our good class hotels?"

I am an English-born waiter, and have worked in London, provincial and country hotels—also abroad—and am pleased to say I have worked for the last eleven years in my present position with a British hotel, and English-managed, and, as far as I am aware, without a single complaint, but not till war was declared between this country and Germany had I heard so much of the ability of the German waiter, and then I heard it mainly from the mouth of an English officer. S. M. P.

ONLY BEGINNING.

UNDoubtedly the war is only just beginning. We must remember that Germany knows that if she is beaten her whole dreams of conquest will be for ever shattered, and she will therefore fight on until all is really hopeless

BRITAIN AT WAR.

Will the Struggle Make People More Efficient in Peace?

THE DRESSMAKERS' REFORMATION.

PERHAPS the war may make dressmakers a little more considerate towards their customers when they get them back.

For seven years I was continually on the lookout for a capable dressmaker, and during that time I never went twice to the same one.

For the last five I have kept to the same one, not knowing anyone better to go to, but never once has she made me anything that could be worn without being altered two or three times, and the mildest protest is most bitterly resented. This woman, in common with all of them,

—faithfully promises to have the work completed in a week, but always nothing of keeping me waiting five or six weeks. Even the war has not altered her. Wanting a dress for Christmas, I took the stuff at the beginning of November, when it was green with terrible tales of the money she was losing owing to the war. When this dress arrived home two or three days before Christmas it had to go back, having evidently been made for somebody else. My complaint was very willingly received and the alteration very unwillingly undertaken. Much to my surprise the dress was completed in time for Christmas, although a long way from perfection.

I am afraid that hundreds of others experience the same troubles as I do. A. W. E.

ECONOMY.

I MUST sympathise with "Dressmaker" as an individual, and doubtless there are a number equally "hard hit," but it is embarrassing to the public to be told that to be patriotic is to spend money upon superfluous dress. I am not alone in thinking that extravagance in finery has been alarming in the past, bringing about more distress and anxiety to those responsible for the payment of accounts than is now felt by dressmakers.

Personally, I admire a reasonably dressed woman, whether of one class or another, but extravagance has been too much the rule. I have seen in the more serviceable makes and materials have been used since the war began, and as yet, notwithstanding dressmakers' unemployment, there are no signs of the past makeshifts or dowdy garments on maid, and I firmly believe that thousands will be pleased to discover that the bills are reduced, and so enable them to clear off other accounts.

ALSO H.R.

"SLACKERS" AND VOLUNTEERS.

IT IS curious that it never seems to occur to the more high-minded patriots who denounce and threaten all who have not enlisted at a certain point of time that the so-called "slacker" of to-day is very frequently

the volunteer of to-morrow. Had compulsory military service been in effect for a month, say the fine fellows who have enlisted since then would have been regarded by these worthy people as "slackers" or "shirkers," amenable to coercion alone, and deserving, according to some kindly suggestions, to be considered and treated as inferior to their voluntary comrades, whose difficulties and dangers they are expected to share. PERSPECTIVE.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 13.—A fernery may be formed during favourable winter weather. This is a delightful feature to have in any garden. A fernery is generally found in some damp, dark corner, where the ferns enjoy a certain amount of light and an airy position.

The situation for a fernery should be one that is shaded from all hot sunshine. The soil should be of a light, yet moist, nature, and must be mixed with plenty of sand and leaf-mould.

Ferns should be planted in the spring.

E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Let us make haste to live, since every day to a wise man is a new life.—Seneca.

HOW TO GO TO THE FRONT WITH PERFECT SAFETY.



One meets so many people who have been at the front in a merely amateur capacity that one cannot help thinking they go there somewhat in the manner hero shown. It can be managed by anybody with a camera.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden. Reprinted.)

is only one way of acquiring a "Parisienne" accent, and that is to live for a time in Paris.

Misses' friends must have been "pulling her leg," to speak metaphorically.

A child born in Lancashire, even of well-educated parents, always acquires a certain accent as does any child in any region with a specific form of speech. Thus "English-French" can never be otherwise than French spoken with an English accent without the experience I have mentioned of mixing with Parisians in their own land. TOUCHE A TOUCHE.

THE ENGLISH WAITERS.

YOUR correspondent "G. P. F." thinks little, if any, good of the English waiter. Yet he admits, he has come across one or two "pretty good" non-English waiters.

If there are so few good English waiters in this country at the present time, may I suggest that by putting English hotels and restaurants under English management we should then have good English waiters and not until then,

and the inevitable surrender can be no longer staved off.

That day will not be this year, and probably not next.

STRATEGY.

TIME AND GRIEF.

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay Softest on sorrow's bough, and slowly wean The fair and pale stealest unperceived away: On thee I rest my only hope at last.

And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear That flows in vain o'er my soul held dear, I may be bound on every corner, And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile: As some lone bird, at day's departing hour, Flings its song in the sunbeam of the transient day.

For though the world will weep the while—

Yet all how much must this poor heart endure!

Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

—WILLIAM LITTLE BOWLES.

NEW EARL AND HIS BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS.

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The new Countess of Feversham. She has three children, two boys and a girl.

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The late Earl of Feversham.



The new Countess.



The new Earl of Feversham.

The Earl of Feversham, who died yesterday, is succeeded by his son, Viscount Helmsley, a prominent Unionist M.P. The new Countess is noted for her beauty. She is a daughter of the fifth Earl of Warwick, and before her marriage in 1904 was Lady Marjorie Greville.—*(Daily Mirror, Lafayette, Thomson and Val L'Estrange.)*



Bandsman Thomas Edward Rendle, of the Duxford Cross for rescuing wounded from the Exeter Hospital, where

"THAT'S WHERE HE IS." *Geo. T.*

Wives of soldiers guessing where their husbands are on the war map at the Stratford Tipperary Club, which Mrs. Parker, Lord Kitchener's sister, has started for their benefit.

WORE TWO HATS.



Mr. A. C. Spragg, of Leyton, the plaintiff in the strange action against his brother. Counsel said Mr. Spragg wore two hats at once and put lighted matches in his mouth. The case was settled yesterday.

DOUBLE GOLDEN WEDDING: N.



Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Foster and Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, residents next door to each other for forty-three years. Mr. Chamberlain is eighty. The former

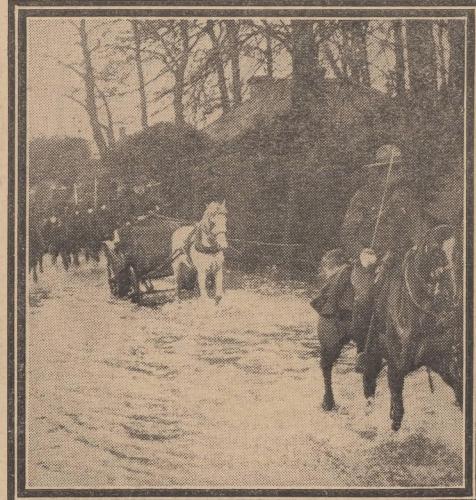
S THE V.C.

P. 16863



BRIDE TRAVELS FROM CANADA TO BE MARRIED.

P. 16862



The bridal carriage and escort pass along a flooded road.

P. 16862



The bride, looking very happy, with her brother.



The happy pair pass under an archway of swords.

all's Light Infantry, has been awarded the Victoria Cross for his gallantry under heavy shell and rifle fire. He is seen at the moment when he was recovering from his wounds.

A bride who followed her fiancé from Canada to England was married at Netheravon, Salisbury Plain, yesterday. She was Miss Marion Allan, of Ottawa, but she is now Mrs. Edmiston, wife of Lieutenant Edmiston, of the 19th Alberta Dragoons. The members of the bridegroom's squadron were all present, and everything passed off most successfully, despite the floods.

VERS FOR FORTY-THREE YEARS.

P. 16862



Champer (Notts), who have just celebrated their golden weddings. They are both wearing an apron, the man is seventy-four years of age, while Mr. Champer, and the latter a gardener.

SIR NICHOLAS.

P. 150W



The Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army, who, it was announced last night, has been made an Honorary Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

THE SPOILS OF WAR.

911983



Wagon-loads of equipment which the Allies picked up on the field of battle. The Germans abandoned the articles, which will come in very useful.



THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.

FLIGHT!

SHE had left him. It was a preposterous conclusion to jump at, seeing how short a time had elapsed since she had left his sitting-room; yet, almost as though these empty walls had snouted the truth about him, Hillier was convinced that his wife had left him.

Naturally, he refused to allow his reason to be obsessed by a womanish instinct. He glanced round the bedroom seeking definite proof and found none. It was exquisitely neat, almost austere looking, markedly lacking in those numerous little luxuries that belong by right to a beautiful woman. He opened the wardrobe and again he was struck. He had no idea, nor, for owing to his blindness he was not familiar with the appearance of his wife's garments, but he imagined that a long light coat he had seen her wearing yesterday was missing...

As he closed the wardrobe the maid Lucy came into the room. He made some excuse and went out. He did not wish, at present, to take the girl into his confidence.

He returned to the sitting room. It also, as he had known it would be, was empty.

For a moment or two Hillier stood looking round the pleasant room upon which the girl had set the seal of her own personality. He, who for many years had never known a home, recognised at once the touch of a woman who could always and in all ways assist him at home. Realising this, Hillier cursed the money that had come to him. But for that money they would never have left India.

In India he had had the full wealth of a woman's love. He had known peace of mind—the absolute confidence in his wife that is the greatest of all worldly happiness. He had been rich beyond computation in all that makes for the joy of life.

He stood there now, for all his worldly wealth, poorer spiritually than the meanest beggar.

And it was he who had stripped himself.

What a brute he had been to this girl who loved him—what a brute! He groaned aloud at the thought of it now here, in this empty room, where she had spent her lonely hours of martyrdom since their return to London.

The memory of her face as she had uttered those last desperate words was with him still. Would he ever forget it? Those wide eyes, with their look of shamed love . . . those trembling lips. Before this man whom she had believed to be blind she had had no need to play a part. Horror and fear and amazed indignation had chased each other across her face . . . guilty—even like a criminal girl whom she had known since childhood, whose heart, as she had told him, had been an open book to him every moment since her coming to him in India!

He had treated her as he might have treated some criminal, and her crime—analysed—what did it amount to? A desperate woman's lie to save the man she loved. Weeks of ceaseless devotion to do her a complete, shameful, stupid, and she had been complaisant, stupid.

And now he had been punished. What of his own lies—about Marazzo and his verdicts? This last lie of all, when he had for three days past pretended to be blind, worn the disfiguring bandages, while all the time he spied upon her.

"Sylvia—Sylvia!" All the yearning of his heart was in the murmured words. He had lost her it was his own fault. He had sacrificed her which he could not do; it was not possible that desperate as she was, she might sacrifice still more to punish him—even her life!

He thought of the river. It had fascinated her, she had told him, with its message of peace, and at the thought a great fear grew in John Hillier's heart.

On a curiously childish impulse he went to the window and stepped out to the balcony, looking out towards the river. The face of the day had changed. The sunlight had died, and a grey mist was creeping up from the east. Under the leaden sky the broad face of the waters looked cruel and sluggish.

It was madness, of course. Sylvia would never dream of suicide. She was not of the stuff of which suicides are made, yet she was a des-

Look out for our new serial, "Just Like Other Men," which begins on Monday next. Be sure and read the opening chapters.

perate woman. Remembering those outflung hands, that little bitter cry as the girl had gone blindly towards the drowning, he realised that he was holding a dangerous sort of myself," he said aloud, as though to give the lie to his own thoughts. "She is probably downstairs in the lounge being victimised by some enthusiastic American."

As though he had provided himself with an excuse, Hillier turned back into the room and went downstairs.

Natally, Sylvia was not in the lounge. He had not honestly imagined that she would be. He took up his hat and sauntered out into the vestibule, and addressed the porter, who knew him very well and appreciated his generous tips.

"Have you seen Lady Hillier?" he asked the man. "I made an appointment to meet her hereabouts. I hope she has not forgotten."

The man paused for a moment. There was such a multitude coming and going through this courtyard in the course of an hour he had

to marshal that wonderful memory of his that never really allowed a face or a movement to sink into oblivion.

"Let me see, sir. Her ladyship? Why, yes, she went out about twenty minutes since. In the direction of the Strand, I think, sir."

"Ah, that's all I must have missed her then. What a pity!" Hillier said.

He stood there for a second or two by the porter's side, staring across the courtyard to where, under the arch with its enamelled shields, he could catch a glimpse of the endless traffic of the Strand. Its noise came to him like the roar of surf on a shingly beach—mingled with that far, hillier sound of the illusion of a world of countless feet.

The footsteps of the great world of London, the footsteps of seven million of people. Footsteps among which hers were numbered. One girl, penniless, broken-hearted, lost in the hurrying crowd of London's life.

"Taxi, sir?"

The porter's voice roused him from his thoughts.

"Taxi, thanks. I'll walk, I think."

He strode off across the courtyard, utterly lost in this moment of the necessary pose of his supposed blindness. The porter stared after him in amazement.

"I'm blind," he said. "Blind, and I ask you to look at 'im!"

The extraordinarily small boy with the rigid row of buttons down his meagre chest, to whom the porter had been addressed, nodded tentatively.

Meanwhile Hillier had turned into the Strand and was making his rapid way down one of the side streets that lead steeply to the river. He had pushed back the bandages a little from his eyes. Why should he keep up this insane pose any longer? He had learned all that he wanted to know.

He could hardly have told what had prompted him to make for the river. He did not expect to see Sylvia's body floating down like that of the

mined she was, too—drowned herself in, spite of all them interferin' Thames police."

Hillier had a feeling as though the speaker had laid his big, red, cold-looking hand upon his heart and was compressing it cruelly.

The man laughed with evident agitation.

"A pity, sir, too," he said with gusto.

"A pity, sir, too," he said with gusto.

"A pity, sir, too," he said with gusto.

Hillier put some eager questions. A beautiful girl—a lady—only twenty minutes since. It was Sylvia. Just as he had known that his wife had left the hotel, so he knew that this woman of whom this dirty loiterer spoke with such detestable gusto was Sylvia. Sylvia, whom he had driven to her death.

"Dead? O' course she was! Taken to the mortuary, too," he said.

Hillier threw a coin to the man and rushed across the roadway. The tramp was left so astonished it was a full moment before he picked up the half-crown and hit it somewhere among his rags.

A TELEPHONE CALL.

IT was more difficult to obtain a permit for the mortuary than Hillier could have believed possible. It was evening before he drove over Westminster Bridge to the waiting house of the undertakers.

The far the tramp's information had been perfectly accurate. The body of a woman, well-dressed, young and fair-haired, had been recovered from the river that afternoon at the hour named.

As the cab carried him across the bridge, unwillingly enough, Hillier was aware of the

beauty of the scene. On one side the lights from the House fell in short golden ladders over the rippling waters of the great river. On the other Hungerford Bridge hung like a chain of jewels across the sky.

At the sight of this jewelled beauty and the dark velvet background of the night, the thought of the woman he had last seen staring wistfully at this wonder of London's might smote through his heart with a pang.

River Row was, as its name implies, a street leading down to the Thames. A malodorous place—a place about which a perpetual mist seemed to cling, as though it rose from the ground that had been drenched by so many tears of shame and horror through so many years of riverside tragedy.

The constable was told off to escort him, and the two men crossed the little flagged yard towards the small whitewashed building stand-

"Just Like Other Men," our splendid new serial, begins on Monday. It is written by Mr. Alexander Crawford, and is a powerful story of absorbing interest.

ing out forlornly in the mist that gleamed curiously white in the strong glare of the electric light. Hillier's nerves were on edge; the piercing siren of a siren on the river made him start nervously.

The mist which seemed to belong to the place like a miasma of horror seemed to have found its way into the bare room, where presently he found himself. It seemed to him that he could scarcely distinguish anything, even the grim shape of that shrouded thing which lay on the polished boards of a table at the farther end of the room.

Then the mist cleared. It must partly have been the mist of his own emotion. The accompanying constable drew back the sheet and he saw—all too clearly—the web of dull gold hair, the fine line of a woman's cheek and—

It was not Sylvia—woman, young and—

(Continued on page 13.)

LORD ESTCOURT DEAD.



Lord Estcourt, whose death was announced yesterday. He was an M.P. from 1879 to 1885, and was an enthusiastic follower of Beaumaris's hounds. (Bassano.)

Lily Maid' from Astolat. He only knew that, like the girl herself, the river seemed to call.

She'll be at the hotel when I get back," he told himself comfortingly, and forthwith began to make plans.

They would leave London at once and travel. The thought of Greysdyke did not appeal to him. They would travel at once into their kingdom—which was all the world over, and Spain and all the wonderful untrammelled cities of South. Romance would take them under her healing wings . . . they would learn to forget.

A damp wind was blowing across from the river as he made his way to the waterside. The mist had deepened, already the wharves and warehouses of the Surrey side were swathed and hidden.

He leaned against the parapet, watching the sluggish flow of the waters, listening to their purr and lap against the stones of the Embankment.

"Dull, ain't it, sir?" Hillier all at once was aware of a shuffling sound and of its cessation. One of the Embankment loafers had come to anchor beside him. He turned quickly to look into a mangled, dirty, drink-sodden face, that was yet redeemed, curiously, by a pair of very bright, intelligent brown eyes.

"Very dull. Coming on to rain, I fancy," he said, enlarging after the manner of the Englishman upon the one safe topic of conversation—the weather.

"Know London well, sir?" the loafer asked. "Quaint place—you've bin abroad by the looks o' you, sir. I warrant you've seen no stranger things than I've seen a' these years back, here in London."

"No?" Hillier was half amused. "I've found London dull enough, I must say," he added mirthfully.

"I know?" The tramp chuckled. "Why, sir, it's on'y dull to them as lacks the imagination, if you'll excuse me for sayin' so. Why, take this Embankment. There's 'ardly a moment, day or night, as isn't full of interest. For example, on'y a' arn an hour since I sees a young gal throw herself into the water. Reglar deter-

Miss Gladys Cooper Explains Some Beauty Secrets.

The Popular London Star Favours Simple Methods.

I have been asked to give a few simple recipes that I know, either through personal use or by observation, to be valuable to the toilet, and which are within the reach of the average woman. In these days of £100 facial treatments and elaborate and expensive beautifying processes my suggestions may read like lessons in economy, but they are not especially so intended. They are merely practical suggestions, in which the keynote is "effectiveness." All the materials or ingredients which I mention are either already at hand in the home or may be readily procured from the chemist. Fortunately, I do not suffer from the ailments or troubles enumerated below, but some people who are not so fortunate have told me their experiences, and with your permission I will set forth some remedies which they have found to be efficacious.

ICE FOR THE FACE.

One of the best methods for preserving the fairness of the skin is to rub the skin clear and vigorous is to rub the face with a piece of ice for about five minutes every morning. Put a cold cream on first, and then apply the ice. This is done a good deal by American girls, who declare that it retards the advance of age lines more than anything else.

GREY HAIR.

I have observed many attempts of many people to counteract grey hair. Some of these experiments

COMPLEXION RENEWALS.

Complexion experts advise me that a normal complexion can be obtained by rubbing the skin with fine, sharp, clean, cut-out tissue, thus revealing the fresh, young skin underneath. They say that when this process is checked by age, exposure or some of man's causes, the complexion becomes dull and sallow. The rational treatment recommended is to let the skin perform its natural functions of "shedding" worn-out tissue. For this purpose, I am informed, there is nothing so good as pure mercurized wax, which is easily applied and you would use a face cream.

It is claimed that it possesses a special ability for the effects of scarlet fever, which it quickly removes by absorbing it. The face, I am assured, will soon look much younger and prettier under this treatment.

THE CURLING IRON.

Does not the thought of curling your hair make some of your friends make the ungainly sort of curls wherever they want them simply by coiling the hair with a cold simile? More retiring at night. When the hair is dry in the morning, it will be easily curled when you want it to be. This method is perfectly harmless, even beneficial to the hair, and the curls last a long time. The liquid is very pleasant and neither sticky nor greasy.

HOW TO SHAMPOO.

Most women, I am informed, do not know how to use salax properly when shampooing with it. Unless the hair is naturally very oily, a salax shampoo may sometimes leave it rather dry. I am told if you are really oily, however, before shampooing with salax, the result is most delightful.

The hair will be clean, bright and wavy, the olive oil having properly balanced the action of this wonderful hair cleanser.

MISS GLADYS COOPER.

[Wrather and Buy.

MISS GLADYS COOPER.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Sir Frederick Law's Appointment.

Just after I had finished reading Sir Frederick Law's skilful defence of Miss Gladys Cooper's libel action I came upon his name again in yesterday's papers. He has been appointed Commissioner of Assize, I read, to go on the Midland Circuit. This means that most of my friends who follow the law will say "What did I tell you?" when next I meet them, for Sir Frederick's chances of swift advancement are considered high in the world of law.



Sir Frederick Law.

Whenever I have listened to Sir Frederick in court he has struck me as being a peculiarly kindly cross-examiner, ever ready to see a joke. They tell me, those who know, that if you happen to be the cross-examined Sir Frederick doesn't seem nearly such a kind person. But I hope I shall never be disillusioned. He comes of an old Unitarian family, and has been more or less mixed up with the law from school days.

His Schoolboy Hobby.

When he was a schoolboy at Westminster the Law Courts were situated at Westminster Hall, and to them all the boys of the famous school had the privilege of free access. At that time young Frederick Law found listening to law cases the most fascinating of amusements. He began his legal career as a solicitor, and practised for eleven years.

An Old Volunteer.

During his solicitor days he was a keen Volunteer, and held a commission in the 4th West Surreys and in the 22nd Middlesex Rifle Volunteers. But he abandoned volunteering twenty-five years ago, and since then we have heard of him in politics and the courts

Rumania's Flag.

From the signs and portents of things to be, it seems to me that we shall soon have yet another flag to fly among those of our Allies. Unless those signs deceive woefully, we ought soon to be flying a new tricolour of the same design as the flags of Belgium and France, but in blue, yellow and red divisions, the blue next the staff. It is the flag of Rumania.

Eagle Eye on the Channel.

I was shown yesterday a map that is very popular in Berlin. It is called *Karte von Englischen Kanal*, and depicts for the gloating eyes of the Berliners the English Channel, a portion of the southern and eastern coast of our tight little island, and the northern littoral of France. The spelling is not all that could be desired, and Turnbridge Wells and Shoreham read quite kindly to the English eye. Brighton is disguised under its old-time name of Bright-holmstone, possibly because the Germans like a name as long as possible.

Arsenal of Time.

Greenwich and Deptford are evidently regarded as places of enormous strategic importance, for they are denoted in the same black capital letters as those used for Dover and Southampton. Since the Germans discovered that time was fighting them, it may be that they regard the Observatory as their arch-enemy, while Deptford is probably under grave suspicion because Peter the Great of Russia once helped to build warships there.

The Sure Test.

A distinguished brigadier-general told this story of Lord Kitchener when he was lecturing his officers the other day. "One of them told me. There is one sure way of telling whether the machine-gun section of a regiment is any good, according to Lord Kitchener. If the section is efficient when the regiment is sent into action an inquiry always reaches headquarters: 'May we take our machine-guns?' But if, on the contrary, the section is weak, the inquiry is always couched in the following terms: 'Need we take our machine-guns?'"

A Happier Australia.

I hear that the German bandsman no longer finds Australia the happy hunting-ground it used to be. A great "round up" has recently taken place, and the only audience to which the musician of the Fatherland can now perform is one composed of his fellow-prisoners. Upon which happier Australia I would congratulate Australia.

Army Soup.

They tell an amusing story of one of the cooks in the Welsh Fusiliers. The battalion was in camp at Seaford and kit inspection day arrived. The cook went to his company quarter-master-sergeant—whose business it is to make good all deficiencies in clothing and equipment—and asked for a new cap. "Where's your old one?" "Lost it, sir." "How've you lost it?" There was a silence, but upon the query being reiterated the applicant for new headgear explained reluctantly: "Well, sir, it fell into the soup and I tried to find it, but couldn't. And none of the men who had soup that day saw anything of it." The cook got his new cap. But the regiment also got a new cook.

Mr. Alexander Crawford.

Mr. Alexander Crawford, the brilliant author of "Just Like Other Men," our new serial, which begins on Monday, has a better literary record behind him than the majority of serial writers. Literary critics have said the most flattering things about his stories, and he has been described by the critic of the *Scotsman* as "among the best fiction writers of the day."

Hia Now Serial Begins on Monday.

Mr. Crawford has a name for skilfully telling his stories so that the interest never flags, and for working out his plots to a reasonable and logical conclusion. The plot of "Just Like Other Men" is, frankly, one of the most ingenious I have met with. I had another good look into the story yesterday, and I can only say that the ingenuity of it compelled my profound admiration.

From Blackboard to Bank-book.

I met a woman friend yesterday who for many years past has toiled amidst the petty drudgeries, monotony and meagre emoluments of scholastic life. She was a changed being. Gone was that weary, bored look and pedantic manner; her step was brisk, her eyes bright; she seemed five years younger. "You look as if you'd just dropped into a top-notch billet," I remarked. "Have you been made headmistress of the best girls' school in England?"

Chance of a Lifetime.

She snapped her fingers derisively. "With luck, I've done with all that," she answered. "We women are coming into our own. If all goes well, I shall be in a bank next week, earning twice as much as I ever made by teaching." And when I expressed surprise at the news, she told me of several girls she knew who were already filling vacancies caused by bank clerks who enlisted when war broke out. "It's the chance of a lifetime for the woman who has to make her living," she added.

His One Condition.

I have just been having a chat with my friend, M. Brebart, one of the principal proprietors of the late *Derniere Heure*, one of Brussels' brightest papers. When the Germans entered Brussels he rendered useless his splendid installation of expensive machinery, and eventually came to England. The Germans since then have tried to induce him—through relatives remaining in Brussels—to return, but his one condition is that he shall be allowed to print exactly what he thinks fit, a condition that the Germans are not at all likely to find acceptable.

Scribed Into Favour.

M. Brebart told me a number of amusing stories of how the Germans are trying to bribe themselves into favour. Of course, the average Brussels man or woman will have absolutely nothing to do with the Hunnish invader. When an officer is passed they turn away; if he sits down at the same table at a restaurant or café they finish up quickly and go away. Nevertheless, the Belgian is a born "leg-puller," and likes to have a go at the Hun. For a little while the favourite pastime in Brussels was to be quite friendly with any stray German officer, and then to ask, casually and innocently: "By the way, I suppose the German garrison in Paris must be tremendous?" The look on the Hun's face can well be imagined.

"The Willies" in Belgium.

I mentioned incidents the other day of the arrival of the famous Haselden "Willies" in the German trenches. I hear, too, that they are well known to our Belgian allies. In a letter written to a Belgian reader by a brother in the Belgian army, he writes, "I act as interpreter to the men of the company and explain to them the adventures of the world-famous Willies. They let us forget for some moments the hardship of life in the trenches."

A Patriotic Rally.

To-night's big patriotic rally at the Albert Hall is being organised; I read, to wake up London to some of the truths of the war. The principal speaker is Mr. Horatio Bottomley, editor of *John Bull*, and a number of well-known singers are to be there to add their aid to the patriotic spirit of the meeting.

Won't Mince Matters.

When it comes to waking up London on the question of Germany, I do not imagine Mr. Bottomley will mince matters. He has for years past warned this country through his papers and from the platform of Prussian designs on Great Britain, though for years few of us could bring ourselves to believe that the German was quite all that he has now proved himself to be.

Mr. Bottomley.

Mr. Bottomley finds his relaxation mostly on the Turf, and as a sportsman he numbers many of his political and public enemies among his friends. When he was in the House of Commons he did much to place the status of the racing fraternity upon a more generous basis. He is extremely fond of horses as horses, not just as racing machines, and he had—perhaps still has—one of his favourites stuffed and mounted in a London flat in which he lived for some time. The mounting of the animal was magnificently done, and I remember well the extraordinary impression I got when I first saw this specimen calmly standing, apparently alive, in a flat which one had approached by the ordinary small passenger lift.

"Tipperary" (Whiskered).

That famous war song of the seventeenth century, "Lilli-burlero," which it is suggested, Mr. Kipling should adapt for Private Atkins's enjoyment, is as Irish as "Tipperary," and more so. With the refrain of "Lilli-burlero, bullet-a-la!" this very ancient song is said to have been used by the Irish papists in 1641.

Everybody Sang It.

Like "Tipperary," it was the song of an army. "Lilli-burlero," written by Lord Wharton, contributed not a little to the great revolution of 1688. Burnet says: "It made an impression on the King's Army that cannot be imagined. . . . The whole Army, and at last the people; both in city and country, and singing it perpetually . . . never had so slight a thing so great an effect." The song is in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry."

Lilli-burlero, bullet-a-la!
Lero, lero, lilli-burlero.
Lero, lero, bullet-a-la!

The air is attributed to Henry Purcell. But I fancy Mr. Atkins will still keep on humming "Tipperary."

Only Clever Short of the 1,000 Now.

Another grand football day yesterday. We received reinforcements of forty-four, which bring the total to 989—only eleven short of the thousand. We sustained and beat off a heavy counter-attack of forty-two applications, and, by the end of the day, 298 footballs had been sent off to amuse "Tommy."

Hope to Complete To-morrow.

Among yesterday's contributions I have to acknowledge seventeen Rugby balls, sent by an anonymous donor, and six Association balls from Mr. Jack Shires; the comedian, and the principal members, chorus ladies, and ballet ladies of "The Babes in the Wood" company at Cardiff. And now for the other eleven to finish the thousand. I hope that to-morrow I shall be able to announce the completion of the tenth hundred.

What Shall We Do?

And then what shall we do about "Tommy" is still writing me for a football. He is very modest about it. As a rule he only asks for an old one, "if we can spare it." But one ball means to him, and, perhaps, thirty or forty of his comrades, the difference between spending his scanty leisure hours in idleness, moping about in some remote country spot in this country or behind the firing line, and the full glory of a game of football—the game that, next to fighting, "Tommy" loves best in the world.

THE RAMBLER.

The New Flavour

H.P.
sauce

is such a welcome change to the old-fashioned kind of Sauces.

A little of this delightful British Sauce should be on your table now.

H.P. Sauce is a real war time economy, it gives a delicious flavour to everything, helps to use up anything and wastes nothing.

Large Bottles 6d.

FLUSH THE KIDNEYS, AND BACKACHE AND KIDNEY TROUBLE MUST GO.

So Says Eminent Specialist.

If your back hurts flush out your kidneys. This is the advice given by a specialist, who says that backache is a forerunner of the deadly kidney disease.

Nowadays we eat too much meat, which forms uric acid, excites the kidneys, and they become overworked; get sluggish; close up and thereby cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache, rheumatism, twinges, severe headache, aching sinews, constipation, torpid liver and bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or you feel your kidneys are not acting right or your bladder bothers you, get an ounce or two of carmarole compound from your chemist and take 8 to 10 drops in a tablespoonful of water, three times a day, after meals. It is your kidney that will then fine.

It tastes pleasant, stimulates the kidneys to a healthy action, and cleans them right out enabling them to perform their work as nature intended. It also neutralises the acidity in the urine, so that it no longer irritates, thus ending all bladder disorders. This fine old recipe has kept many people young in their old age, and for those past middle life it is absolutely indispensable. Anyone suffering from Kidney or Bladder trouble should give it a trial. You will probably find it just what you need.—(Advt.)

A New Home Treatment for Removing Superfluous Hair Permanently.

The very first experiment recorded was made over six years ago, when a patch of hair was removed from the leg of a gentleman who was extremely sceptical. The spot has been absolutely bare ever since. The hair never grew again. It is, therefore, fairly safe to assume—after a period of six years—that the removal is permanent. The process is very simple, and may be carried out with such ease and simplicity that it is sure to find favour with ladies who are troubled with overgrown growths of hair upon the nose, chin, arms, legs, etc. The treatment consists of drugs or chemicals whatever; it may therefore be used upon the most delicate skin, without fear of burns or scars. Phelatine is melted in the flame of a candle until it becomes of a syrup-like consistency, and in this state is applied to the objectionable hair growths. It is removed almost immediately and the hair comes away with it—no root. This is the important point. Each root may be seen with the naked eye, and everybody knows that a hair cannot grow without a root. About 12 grammes should be obtained, from any chemist, and applied as directed.—(Advt.)



A Useful Book

FREE TO MOTHERS.

There are many occasions when a little advice about baby is helpful. When, for example, baby is ailing or fretful for no apparent reason, sleepless at night, troubled with indigestion, or perhaps teething, the mother is often puzzled to know what to do for the best. Reliable information on all these points will be found in a little Booklet entitled "The Baby," published by Savory and Moore, makers of the well-known Infants' Food.

The Booklet contains hints on a great variety of subjects of interest to mothers such as Feeding, Teething, Development, Infant Ailments, and such matters as Sleep, Exercise and Fresh Air, which are so important for baby's well-being. It also contains a chart for recording baby's weight, a dietary for older children, and recipes for simple nourishing dishes. It forms, in fact, a useful mother's guide which should find a place in every home. It is not intended to take the place of medical advice, when such is needed, but it will often serve to allay needless anxiety, and indicate the right course to be pursued.

HOW TO GET IT.

Those who are genuinely interested in the subject may obtain a Free copy of the Booklet by sending name and address on a postcard, mentioning offer in "The Daily Mirror" to—

SAVORY & MOORE LTD.

Chemists to the King.

143, New Bond Street, London.

PAWNBROKERS' BARGAINS.

Unredeemed Pledge Sale.
Special Supplementary List of This Month's
Unredeemed Pledges Now Ready.
SEND POST FREE, 5,000 SENSATIONAL BARGAINS.



Don't Delay. Write at Once.
IT WILL SAVE YOUR FOUNTAIN PEN, BAG, WATCHES, JEWELLERY, PLATE, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, CLOTHING, &c.

Illustrated Full List Now Ready.
ALL BARGAINS SENT
ON SEVEN DAYS' APPROVAL.

12/9 Baby's Long Clothes, superfine quality, magnificient £2/3/- parcel, 40 articles; everything required; extra long; 10 years' warranty; £1/2/-; a mother's personal wear; never worn; 12/9; approval: £1/2/-.

16/9 Real Coney Marquise Seal, 18ct gold, extra large Pillow Muff; perfect skins, beautifully satin lined, exceedingly hand-some; 10 years' warranty; £1/2/-; a mother's personal wear; 12/9.

14/6 Real Russian Furs, £2/17/5 set; very elegant rich dark 'sable' brown; extra long, Buckingham style, highly a 'sable' brown; 10 years' warranty; £1/2/-; a large Muff matching; together; 14/6; approval before payment.

21/- Most elegant Black Fox Skin, Princely style, Animal Muff; together; £2/1/-; approval before payment.

67/6 Coat, 52in. long, exceptionally fine quality, latest Paris model, deep roll collar; £2/3/6; approval within 10 days; a mother's personal wear; 67/6.

10/6 Watch, improved action, 10 years' warranty, perfect timekeeper; also Double Curb Albert, from new week's free trial; complete; sacrifice, 10/6; approval before payment.

set 4/9 Persian pearls and turquoise, 18ct. Gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; sacrifice, 10/-; approval before payment.

12/6 Lady's 22/10k. Gold Watch, 18ct. Gold (stamped) filled, heavy, solid links; 12/6; approval before payment.

12/6 Lady's 22/10k. Gold Watch; with an 18ct. gold chain; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; 7 days' trial; £2/9/-.

21/- Keyless Watch Box (acet); fit any wrist; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; sacrifice, 21/-; approval.

19/9 parcel, containing 10 exceptionally choice and large sapphires, 18ct. Gold (stamped) filled, in a velvet case; £1/2/-.

49/- Gant's 25/10k. Gold English hall-marked Keyless Lever, Centre Second, Chronograph Stop Watch, 18ct. Gold (stamped) filled, heavy, solid links; 10 years' warranty; 7 days' trial; £2/9/-.

12/6 Magnificent set of rich Black Russian Fox Furs, 52in. long, 10 years' warranty; £1/2/-; approval tails and heads and large Muff to match; bargain, 12/6; original price, £5/9.

5/9 Lady's 18ct. Solid Gold Marquise Ring, see one mass of lovely Persian pearls and turquoise; 3/-; approval.

18/6 Glasses, a lens magnification power by Lumière; name of shop distinctly read five miles from shore; in a sauder made of wood; 18/6.

8/6 Massive Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet, with safety chain; and small links, 18ct. Gold (stamped) filled, in a velvet case; sacrifice, 8/6; approval before payment.

10/6 Lady's 22/10k. 18ct. Gold-cased Keyless Watch with a chain; 10 years' warranty; £1/2/-; approval before payment.

19/9 Lady's 25/10k. Trouseau, 18ct. Gold (stamped) filled, in a velvet case; sacrifice, 19/9; approval before payment.

13/9 Watch, a very rare lady or sent; jewelled movement; 10 years' warranty; timed to minute a month; week's free trial; sacrifice, 13/9.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. G) Pawnbrokers,
26 Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London.

HIS HOME "ACROSS THE SEA."



Dog gazing towards its home across the floods in Norfolk. His master's house is five miles "out to sea."—("Daily Mirror" photograph.)

HAVOC OF HUNS' GUNS.

Heroes Who Refused to Leave Bombarded Town at Critical Moments.

PARIS, Jan. 12.—The following account of President Poincaré's visit to the front is semi-officially published:—

M. Poincaré left Paris on Sunday morning and travelled by train as far as Dunkirk, where he arrived on Monday morning with the Minister of Marine.

From Dunkirk the President motored to —, where he presented colours to French marines.

In spite of the hardships which they had been through, the men were in a remarkably fine condition of morale and spirit.

The President visited the headquarters of General Foch, where he lunched, and afterwards, at the request of General Joffre, conferred the distinction of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour on the two commanders of the British army corps, General Sir Douglas Haig and Sir H. Smith-Dorrien, with both of whom he had conversations.

Continuing his journey, M. Poincaré reached Hazebrouck, where he was received at the Town Hall by the Abbe Lemire.

On leaving Hazebrouck M. Poincaré paid a visit to General Manduhy at his headquarters, and then proceeded by motor-car to Arras, the terminating point of his journey.

A pitiful sight awaited him there. Of all the important towns which have suffered from the effects of the Huns' guns, Arras has been one of the most severely tried.

The quarters near the railway station and the town hall have been completely destroyed.

Of the municipal buildings and the splendid belfry—the pride of the inhabitants—nothing remains. The observer might suppose that there had been a terrible cataclysm.

Nothing is to be seen all round but heaps of stone and charred remains of houses caused by the big German shells.

M. Poincaré made a tour of the ruins, accompanied by the prefect, the bishop and the mayor, who even in the most critical moments refused to leave the town, and have given examples of the greatest courage and the most absolute devotion.

The bombardment continues almost daily. Nevertheless 3,500 inhabitants still remain in Arras, among whom are several old people.

The President said a few words of comfort and encouragement to the inhabitants.

DECEIVING THE FOREIGN OFFICE

The frauds which are being perpetrated on the Foreign Office during the war drew some strong comments from Mr. Justice Rowlatt at the Old Bailey yesterday.

The Judge was dealing with two men, Joe Friend, thirty-two, ostrich feather merchant, of Goswell-road, and Richard Ruben, thirty, motor-chassis agent of Kingsway, on the charge of conspiring to defraud the Foreign Office.

The prosecution alleged that Friend, a British subject, obtained a passport from the Foreign Office at the request of Ruben, who was a Swede.

The passport was sent to Julius Ruben, a brother, who made use of it to come to London from Boulogne, and also to travel in various parts of France on commercial business.

When a summons was issued against Ruben he put himself into a motor-omnibus, and was knocked down and injured.

The defendants were each fined £40 and ordered to pay the costs of the prosecution.

GERMANS GROWING CAUTIOUS.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 12.—Writing in the *Berliner Tageblatt* to-day, Major Morath says:—

The new offensive against Serbia is announced and must be expected on political grounds, but it should not be undertaken at the expense of the forces in Galicia.

Serbia is still for the present a war theatre of secondary importance, even though not in the same degree as our East Prussian frontier.

If progress cannot be made in Balkan territory without diminishing the main army, it would be prudent first of all to await success in Poland.—Reuter.

The Two Letters.

(Continued from page 11.)

Thank Heaven, thank Heaven! In the extremity of his relief he swayed and reeled, and the kindly constable caught at his arm and supported him.

"Not the party you was lookin' for. That's good, sir."

As in the grim chamber itself, so here in the reviving outer air Hillier was, more or less, unconscious of the man's words.

"Is there a telephone that one can use here?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes, sir. In the superintendent's office, sir."

Hillier went in, searched the book with nervous fingers for a number, then, in a husky voice, rang up Seton at his hotel.

It was with some difficulty that he got through to the man at last, and then only to be disappointed.

"No. Sorry, Hillier. I cannot possibly come to you just now. But—are you at the Majestic? No—but you will be? Then, don't go out within the next hour. I will ring you up then. In an hour, Hillier. I may have news for you."

"News? Seton? What news?"

But Laurence Seton had rung off.

There will be another long instalment to-morrow.

GIVE THE CHILDREN FICOLAX—they like it

Children delight in the delicious fruit flavour of Ficolax—and it is the best laxative they can have. Ficolax is harmless even to the youngest or most delicate—it's action is gentle but effective without purging or pain—its benefits lasting. Let Ficolax keep your children healthy.

Mrs. H... Hale, Cheshire, writes:—"We have given Ficolax a trial and have found it a handy preparation, especially for children as they much prefer Ficolax to Castor Oil. They shout for it and it does them a lot of good."

Ficolax
Cures Constipation

Large Bottles, 1/1b. Family size 2/9. Of all Chemists, The Ficolax Co., 30, Graham Street, London, N.

EARTHQUAKE CAUSES TWO DEATHS.

ROME, Jan. 13.—A violent earthquake shock, considerably alarming the population, was felt here at five minutes to eight this morning.

No report of damage having been received except from Montecatino (thirteen miles north-east of Rome), where the shock was particularly severe and created a tremendous panic.

Several houses were damaged, as well as the town hall, and it is reported that two persons were killed.

In Naples a violent shock lasting twenty seconds was felt at 7.55 a.m., and the people rushed through the streets and squares.—Reuter.

GERMAN POST DESERVED.

WALFISH BAY, Jan. 12.—A portion of a mounted force made a night reconnaissance on January 3 in a south-easterly direction to Ustka, twenty-eight miles distant.

Here it found a German police post deserted, the enemy's patrol having left the previous day.

The force returned without sighting a single German.

This is the first incursion which the Northern Force has made into the enemy's territory.—Reuter's Special.

GIRLS! LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR—NO DANDRUFF.—1/1½

Hair coming out? If dry, thin, faded, bring back its colour and lustre.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair, and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

Get a 1/1½ bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any chemist, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that all you surely can have beautiful hair, and lots of it, if you will just try a little Danderine.

difference how dull, faded and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance, an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance.

—Get a 1/1½ bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any chemist, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that all you surely can have beautiful hair, and lots of it, if you will just try a little Danderine.



THE PETS THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM.



Marlborough, the late Lord Wolseley's charger, presiding over a special feed which was given to the inmates at the Home for Horses at Cricklewood. The animals are all pets of men at the front.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mrs. Winston Churchill Recruiting.

Mrs. Winston Churchill left London yesterday to address a women's recruiting meeting at Birmingham.

Russian Honours for Serbia's King.

General Tatischeff has arrived at Nish, says Reuter, to hand to King Peter the insignia of the Order of St. Andrew.

Quadruplets in France.

The French President has sent his congratulations to the family of Brevet Saint Millaire, living at Vouz Vende, to whom four children have been born—two sons and two daughters.

Raid Victim's Death.

John Hodgson, sixty-three, a moulder, of Harlepool, who was struck by a fragment of shell during the East Coast raid, has succumbed to his injuries, making the total death-roll of the bombardment 112.

Empire Theatre's New General Manager.

Mr. Alfred Butt, managing director of the Empire Theatre, Leicester-square, has, with the concurrence of his co-directors, appointed Mr. C. B. Cochran general manager of that theatre, and the latter will enter upon his duties on Monday next.

Escaped Prisoners Caught.

The Berliner Tageblatt, says a Reuter Amsterdam message, states that the two French officers who escaped from Fort Zinna were discovered at Eilenburg when leaving a restaurant, and were handed over to the commander of the prisoners' camp at Torgau.

Switzerland's Narrow Escape.

M. Paul Balmer, a Geneva barrister, writing in the Paris Journal, according to an Exchange special message, says he was told by a Wurtemburg officer that it was only by a majority of two votes that the German General Staff decided to cross the Belgian frontier rather than invade Switzerland.

FEEDING FOR VICTORY.

Part the Army Service Corps Plays in Keeping Forces Supplied.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

ALDERSHOT, Jan. 13.—"Half the battle is won, for our army is well fed."

This sentence occurs in a letter just received at home from a captain at the front. It may sound exaggerated, but in reality it is only a lively expression of truth. A well-fed army will nearly always—if not always—prove victorious when pitted against an ill-fed army.

It is good to know then, that our Army is being well fed at the front, that, in fact, it is the best fed army in the field—and Great Britain must feel proud of the Army Service Corps, who have done such splendid work in provisioning the trenches.

Here at home their record is equally good. Their own corps alone provide a striking instance. So large is the number of men who have joined the A.S.C. that they have to be fed in several large halls, each of which deals with a daily average of 1,700 men, all of whom have four good meals a day.

Here is the official ration sheet for one day:—Breakfast: Tea, bacon and tomatoes, bread and butter. Dinner: Soup, roast beef, potatoes, haricot beans, jam roll, bread and cheese. Tea: Tea, brown sugar, milk, butter. Supper: Irish stew, soup, bread and cheese.

"It keeps us working day and night," said the sergeant cook to me, "with but a few moments' respite."

"In our two kitchens we use up over 5,000lb. of meat a day, and you may imagine that cutting that amount up, cooking it, boiling a ton of potatoes, making loads of plum or jam duff must be a task."

Each kitchen has only a staff of twenty men. Next I had a chat with Sergeant Vine, who sees that the men are properly supplied.

"It was a bit difficult at first," he said. "They all wanted to feed at once, and used to make rushes at mealtimes, but now we issue out discs.

P. J. W.



Mummy always hides anything that is valuable, that is why I can't find a tin of CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH.

Don't Trifle with a Cough

take

ANGIER'S EMULSION

Of all Chemists.

1/-, 2/-, 4/-.

There is positively nothing equal to ANGIER'S Emulsion for coughs, bronchitis, and all chest affections. Not only does it heal and strengthen throat and lungs, but it promotes appetite; aids digestion, and

builds up strength. For upwards of twenty-two years ANGIER'S Emulsion has been prescribed by the medical profession and used in hospitals. It is the standard approved remedy for coughs and lung troubles.

"IT SOON RELIEVES AND QUICKLY CURES A COUGH."

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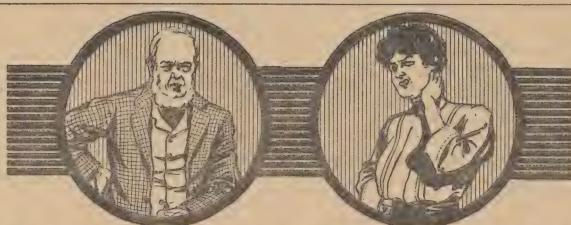
relieves, and generally quickly cures a cough, and I have found it so beneficial that I willingly give my testimony to its great value." (Sd) Mary E. Johnson, Talbot Street, Whitchurch, Salop.

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE.

Send name and address, 3d. postage, and mention this paper.

ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., LTD., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

Illustrated booklet describing inventions used in present war post free on request.



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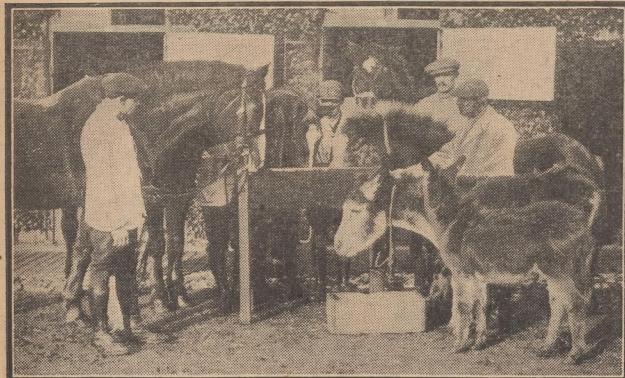


A rubber-studded tyre

specially designed for rough country roads and greasy town conditions. The

DUNLOP MAGNUM

is as impervious to puncture as human ingenuity can render a pneumatic whilst at the same time preserving its resilience. Moreover, with the special pattern tread none but the most reckless can achieve a skid.

THE PETS THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM. *P.97B*

Marlborough, the late Lord Wolseley's charger, presiding over a special feed which was given to the inmates at the Home for Rest for Horses at Cricklewood. The animals are all pets of men at the front.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mrs. Winston Churchill Recruiting.

Mrs. Winston Churchill left London yesterday to address a women's recruiting meeting at Birmingham.

Belgian Coal for Germany.

The *Telegraaf*, of Amsterdam, says Reuter, learns that the Germans are exporting coal from the collieries at Mons, Liege and Charleroi to Germany.

Famous Footballer Killed.

News has been received at Liverpool that Lieutenant Turner, of the Liverpool Scottish, the famous Rugby international footballer, has been killed at the front.

Raid Victim's Death.

John Pendleton, twenty-three, a moulder, of Hartlepool, who was struck by a fragment of shell during the East Coast raid, has succumbed to his injuries, making the total death-roll of the bombardment 112.

Escaped Prisoners Caught.

The *Belgian Telegraaf* says a Reuter Amsterdam message, states that the two French officers who escaped from Fort Zinna were discovered at Eilenburg when leaving a restaurant, and were handed over to the commander of the prisoners' camp at Torgau.

Army Contractor Heavily Fined.

On each of two summonses for supplying to our troops in France "guaranteed pure butter," which actually contained 3 per cent. of milk powder, Messrs. S. J. Wright and Co., of Taunton, were fined £20 at the local police-court yesterday and ordered to pay fifty guineas costs.

Switzerland's Narrow Escape.

M. Paul Balmer, a Geneva barrister, writing in the *Paris Journal*, according to an Exchange special message, says he was told by a Würtemberg officer that it was only by a majority of two votes that the German General Staff decided to cross the Belgian frontier rather than invade Switzerland.

FEEDING FOR VICTORY.

Part the Army Service Corps Plays in Keeping Forces Supplied.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

ALDESHORST, Jan. 13.—"Half the battle is won, for our army is well fed."

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"In our two kitchens," said the sergeant cook to me, "we use up over 5,000lb. of meat a day. P. J. W.

PRIZE SHIPS FOR LONDON'S COAL.

The following announcement was made last night by the Board of Trade.

A number of enemy steamships interned in the United Kingdom are being requisitioned by the Admiralty in order that they may be set free for employment in the coasting trade, more especially to meet the need for greater coal supplies in London.



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The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL
'JUST LIKE OTHER MEN'
 By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD. Begins on Monday.

A MOTHER'S STRATAGEM.

911909 H



A Serbian mother with her wounded son. No woman being allowed through the firing line, she donned military uniform, and walked ninety miles to find her boy. She lost her husband and another son in the war against Bulgaria.

THE GREAT DELUSION.

911908 8



Germany thinks that the Turks can take Egypt; as this cartoon shows. The wording is as follows: "Hussein Kamel, the English creature on the Egyptian throne, is such a camel that he believes the Turks will let him sit there."

DEATH OF LORD FEVERSHAM: THE NEW EARL AND HIS BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS.

P 6191

P 343

P 343



The late Earl of Feversham.



The new Countess of Feversham.



The new Earl of Feversham.

The Earl of Feversham, who died yesterday, was a noted agriculturist, a big land-owner and for many years a prominent figure in public life. He is succeeded by his grandson, Viscount Helmsley, Unionist M.P. for the Thirsk and Malton Division of

Yorkshire. The new Countess is noted for her beauty. She is the elder daughter of the Earl of Warwick, and before her marriage in 1904 was Lady Marjorie Greville.—(Daily Mirror, Lafayette and Val L'Estrange.)